

THE RATTLE



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[*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iv, Scene 7.]

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AGENTS IN CHINA:

ILBERT & CO.

THE RATTLE

Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw—*Pope.*

Vol. II]

SHANGHAI, MAY 1901

[No. 4

EN PASSANT.



CACHUCHA.

THE use of the scales and the tape measure is not fully appreciated before men arrive at a certain age and then their importance takes the place of the pencil case and pocket knife of boyhood. But plague on this craze for reduction! Why

should we not be as Providence makes us? At best our efforts are but those of the Tory party, ever stemming the onrush of the tide of progress for a moment to be swept out of the way as the years roll on. Then again suppose the "course" or "process" or whatever it's called were effective, and the fat man followed the dodo into the list of things we read about, one of the principal sources of the humour of the comic papers and of burlesque would be gone, gone too the joviality which a portly frame implies, the art of the cutter lost, waistcoats sold in sizes like gloves, and finally and worst of all Henry the Eighth and The Claimant and such folk would become myths of doubtful authenticity

like Romulus and Remus. No, Marsh, sing to us as much as you will and we will listen by the hour, but leave us our "stout parties" or leave our shores for ever; and, in the fulness of time, when you are but a memory or a nightmare, shall Richard be himself again.

* * * * *

I saw two urchins battling for her smile,
And most amusing was the little fray;
Each had his turn of standing down awhile
But each dog had his day.

'Twas hard for her to shew no sign of bias,
She said to me "Like cat with mice at play,
"My paw to one I give, to one deny, as
"Each dog will have his day."

To me it fell to soothe them in rotation,
Mine was the task alternately to say,
"Cheer up, my man, herein is your salvation,
"To every dog his day."

* * * * *

So the Upper Boat House is to follow the Racquet Court and the Fives Court into the have beens. Dear, dank, tumbledown, old shanty that it's become of late years, it is only fitting that it be put out of its misery, and it won't need a battering ram when the day comes. The Club appears to want two things—first, definitions of "a point of order" and of "an amendment," and second, a new Upper Boat House. It was difficult to understand the Committee's

reluctance to undertake to supply either. Clearly Angelina cannot embark from among the knees and dirty sweaters, and the brand aquatic, with blouse, sailor hat, and a box of chocolates, let us hope will always be with us; added to this they've got the money, so why not have swept away with a word the weak-kneed opposition to the sale that there was to contend with?

* * * * *

A representative of the "RATTLE," happening by chance to be passing the Dr—— Town Hall, one Saturday afternoon and noticing the piece of stripy bunting which is trotted out for functions only, crossed the road to see what it was all about; a hasty glance at the notice board left an impression that Loans and Curios were in the wind and a vision of easy terms, perhaps note of hand only, made the trifle for admission seem of no count. But what an awakening! Round the vast hall were scattered in boundless and listless profusion Shanghai's curios. Curios in poke bonnets and white stockings, curios in pigtailed arm-in-arm, curios that one sees at auctions in the Boone Road, legal curios, newly married curios, bespectacled curios with "BORE" writ large on every feature, and, as our representative remarked, (he is somewhat of a griffin and his metaphors are hot from the Strand,) he thought it was doubtful if he could raise the price of a cab-fare out of the lot. Half in disgust he was for beating a retreat when it occurred to him that there must have been something to call so weird a collection together. Why of course the Loans! Where did they come in?

There they were. Other peoples' *lares*, reminiscent of dull hosts' small talk, of old Barker's sale, and, in places, of a back street in Tokio. Thank goodness, the band was playing.

* * * * *

The Light Horse Gazette was a capital little bit of original scrap journalism, telling of energy and something more among the troop. What more we do not pretend to say. A man who forces "cow" to rhyme with "tumbler" has some other merit besides a

nice taste in verse; it is not exactly grit and it is deeper than the soldier's virtue, mere absentmindedness. A trooper whose memory enables him to recall the statistical allusions in an old Harper or Munsey sufficiently accurately to regale his comrades with them far into the small hours, has points as a *raconteur* which might rank him with Rabelais; or should we say with Tartuffe, and look for the cutting from the magazine, in his sleeve? These are puzzling things to think about and we can only gape while such feats are performed and wonder where it will all end. Both numbers of the Gazette were at once enjoyable and interesting, and the "RATTLE" would not desire to do less than wish its little contemporary many happy returns.

* * * * *

There is something about our old friend Sheng which commends itself to everyone's attention if not invariably to their respect, and that is the multiplicity of his pursuits. In this he has about him almost the air of a Clomp. He has of course his ordinary everyday work of concocting and suppressing telegrams; 'tis but lately that there has been any cessation of his shenko operations; his finger has been more than once in the peace negotiations pie; under his thumb are grouped syndicates, railway schemes, banks, and a hundred other commercial undertakings both real and imaginary; yet he finds time to try his hand at table decoration, witness that spread in the Foochow Road on a recent melancholy occasion. Are we not justified in the surmise that he could, if need arose, take second clarinet in the Taotai's band, or read the les—— Tut, tut. Anyway he is undoubtedly a man o' paitrs.

* * * * *

TWO BY HONOURS.

Holland and Germany, happy together,

Sing to each other with genuine joy;

"Welch has an Eagle for braving the weather

And Hewett an Orange for lending a buoy."



POM POM.

They said you had not come to stay,
 That you were bound to go
 To Paoting-fu or Wei-hai-wei,
 And curb the Boxer foe.
 Just think! we might have never known
 What we were parting from,
 If you had left us here alone
 Last year, Pom-Pom, Pom-Pom!

Hearing your name I did incline
 (Believe it if you can)
 To curl that scornful lip of mine—
 I am a scornful man.
 I thought you were a kind of toy
 To shoot a mimic bomb,
 A plaything for a little boy.
 Not so! Pom-Pom, Pom-Pom.

'Twas Hotchkiss that one used to praise
 (As well indeed one might),
 And howitzers in many ways
 Are things of pure delight.
 Creusot and Krupp dividing up
 The whole of Christendom—
 Well, fame is fame, but all the same
 Give me Pom-Pom, Pom-Pom!

I earn my living with my pen
 Upon a wooden stool,
 And my companions, soulless men,
 Consider me a fool.
 "Listen to that eccentric coon,"
 Says Jerry, Dick, or Tom,
 "He's adding figures to the tune
 "Pom-Pom, Pom-Pom, Pom-Pom!"



A REMINISCENCE OF THE "DALLAS COMPANY."

Are you going to see "The French Maid"?

Oh! no, my dear. I hear it's vulgar.

AFTER A MASKED BALL.

DEAREST LETTIE,—How *sweet* of you! Have you really been sitting up for me all this time? And nice hot cocoa, too? Oh! you *are* horrid; I believe you've finished all the cigarettes. I am *so* tired, but it was *delightful*. I do wish your wretched foot hadn't stopped your going. That absurd Captain Hayling is *too* silly. Some of the things he said! I don't know that I *quite* altogether approve of Masked Balls, at least not for everybody, and I don't know that I shall go another time. Oh! Lettie, it *was* fun. I do hope there'll be another soon. You know Mr. Wrayford, the man that everybody declared tried to run away with—? Yes? Well, I don't know who he thought I was, but he said some most dreadful things, before I could stop him. No, my dear, I couldn't possibly repeat them. I may tell you later on, perhaps, as I think people ought to know what sort of man he is. I suppose he fancied I didn't recognise him and he can't have known who I was, and being all in whispers it sounded so much worse. Oh! and one man took hold of my hand and wouldn't let it go, and I didn't know *what* to do. I didn't want him to find out who I was, and for a long time I couldn't get it away from him. And how he *squeezed* it! Lettie dear, you know how one often pretends for conversation's sake that one has met people and been to places and read books one has hardly even heard of? Well, Mr. Carver—I'm pretty certain it was he—asked me if I had read *Souvenirs du Quartier Latin*, and I foolishly pretended I had and said I liked it very much. I must say he seemed rather surprised, but when he began to discuss it, I got up and went and had some sandwiches, as I didn't want him to find out I knew nothing about it. Just before coming away I asked little Mrs. Nolan, who reads *everything*, what the book was like, and it seems it is an *awful* production. She was really afraid to let her husband read it. I can never look the man in the face again. And then it was *too* lovely. Mr. Sebright, the one in the Navy, you know, sat out three dances running with me. I do wish I knew if he means anything. You know he never says anything direct, but somehow says all the nicest things by insinuation. Sometimes I quite hate him, as I *must* pretend not to understand him and pass it all off with a laugh, but I think—I think—oh! I don't know what to think. It's so *unfair* of him. Lettie, what *do* you think? Georgie Marston went dressed as a man! I couldn't make out who it was dancing with me, but when we went to the sitting-out place, she bumped her head against something and she put her hand up to her hair in a way no *man* ever did. But *do* you think it's right? I should just *love* to do it. Oh! and that awful Mr. Brankley was quite tipsy again. He came lurching over in my direction and I simply fled. Wasn't it horrid? I heard afterwards when they got him outside, he knocked the mafoe off the box and drove round and round out of one gate and in at the

other, till he tumbled off and was sent back to bed in a rickshaw. Then such a curious man came up and asked for a dance. I don't think I've ever seen him before, but I rather liked the shape of his hands. When we were sitting out, he asked me if I liked going for drives, and when I said I did, he then and there begged me to go off and have supper with him at the Hôtel de Chine. He said we needn't be away long. But *what* a suggestion! However, he had rather a nice voice and I couldn't be very angry with him. I suppose people *do* do that sort of thing or he wouldn't have asked me. Just before twelve I went and put on my other domino so that none of my partners should recognise me. What did you say, dear? No, I hadn't done or said anything foolish, but—well, perhaps I had entered just a teeny, weeny bit into the fun of the thing. Then we all unmasked and some of the frocks were too awful for words. I suppose a domino does spoil one's best things. I sat next Mrs. Gray at supper and she told me her husband had had two dances with her without in the least recognising her, and that he actually tried to make love to her. Oh! and I *must* tell you. After supper I danced a good deal with Jack, Mr. Sebright I mean, and I think from the way he saw me into the carriage that he will say something soon. But you *are* tired, Lettie, and I am a brute to go on chattering, when you are dying to go to sleep. Thanks so much, darling, for sitting up for me and for getting that lovely cocoa ready—I declare I've *almost* let it get cold. I say we *must* get some more cigarettes. Good-night.



Die "Excellior" Mode!!



CHINA PONY v. WALER.

FEI-LOONG.—Be very careful of those legs, Stalky! They might snap off at any moment, and then we should be deprived of the treat we are all looking forward to so much at the Spring races.

CORNSTALK.—Races! Why, you little, miserable, Mongolian Microbe, you don't know the meaning of the word.

WHAT—NO SOAP?

HE stood at the door of his tent; only a boy, but not too young to speak a word for England. Bareheaded he stood, clad only in the "trailing garments of the night," his arms crossed on his breast. Round him were the men who had hunted him down—if indeed you call those men who creep and crouch and crawl by night when all fair and honest things are at rest, if you call those men who think it no shame to dishonour the sweet pure moonlight with deeds of blackest treachery. Fierce faces grinned and gibbered, deadly weapons clashed, shouts of anger filled the air. He stood alone and unmoved.

"Where are they?" one said, and behind the simple question lay a horrid world of menace and cruelty. "Where are they?" He made no answer; for in that instant there was born in his heart a resolution unchangeable as iron. "They shall not know," he murmured between his set teeth, "They shall never know, not if I die for it."

What was the treasure which that brave soldier would sacrifice his life to save? My friends, have you ever at the close of a long and weary journey, a long

and dusty journey beneath the scorching rays of the sun, have you ever known what it was to have a great longing? I am sure that you have known it. And what was it you longed for? For meat and drink, my friends, for juicy and sustaining meat and for moist and comforting drink, two of the most precious gifts of Providence.

Yes, this was the treasure in defence of which that young hero was prepared to sacrifice his life. He knew that his men could not live without food, that their throats must parch and shrivel without abundance of liquid. He knew where the precious stores were hidden, and rather than reveal the secret and expose the treasure to the ravenous clutches of the nightly prowlers, he was ready to die.

At last he spoke in strong nervous Saxon. For an instant they gazed, almost in terror, doubting that any living man could deny them. Then they read the truth in his face, and—

* * * * *

The moon looked down upon the silent tent where a gallant spirit had gone to its rest. On the tent pole a solitary raven flapped its wings.

A RUBAÍYÁT OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

Watch! They that aided not a Monarch's plight
Whom a cross Auntie's apron string held tight
And brigands kidnapped, bid him now come back
And his mischance shall be forgiven quite!

After the Yellow Peril Bogie died
A Veteran his pen as Prophet tried:
"Carve or convert the Dragon, else he may
Gobble your children's children far and wide."

And at the warning, those who just before
Sang but one tune, "Maintain the Open Door!"
Cried, "Since we shan't be Swallowed yet a while,
There's opportunity to Sphere the more!"

Now the Old Li controlling modern Wires,
The Prudent Power an Amnesty requires
Where the Red Hand of Tuan upon his nose
Makes signs, and Black Yü Hsien each day Expires.

William McKinley wants his fighting rows
For Tropic Isles, and Nicholas, one knows,
Believes in Peace with Wings—tho' not with Fins—
And as the Bear growls so the Rooster crows.

For France hangs on his lips; but in divine
High Dutch doth Wilhelm Meister still opine
That "Blood, Red Blood!" alone can save his Face
And make the Blooming Cheek of China pine.

Come, stuff your sack, and from Relieved Peking
A winter garment of rich Sables bring;
The Bird of Prey can not have every day
To batten, but he doesn't miss a Thing!

Whether Tientsin, Newchwang or Shanhaikuan,
By Yankee, Briton, Frank or Cossack done,
The news of Loot keeps leaking, bit by bit,
The taels of Loot keep piling, one by one.

Each Mail a hundred Rumours brings, you say,
Yes, but who Spun the Yarns of Yesterday?
And the next Petty War that Reuter tells
Shall call the Jackal Journalists away!

Well, we can spare them! What they have to do
Is to provide Home Papers with the true
Method of mending China—but the work
They're kind enough to leave to me and you.

For me upon the patch of Europe strown
With ruins near the empty Dragon Throne,
Where dreams of home and progress fade away
And only tares of hopelessness are grown.

A Book of Treaties teaching ably how
Not to translate, a patented sand-plough
To cultivate the Paper-flowery Land—
O this were White Man's Burden quite enow!



3RD BALUCHIS.



THE TRIALS OF AN

Scene:—On the Walls of Hsian. EMPRE

EMP. DOW.—What tidings, Dragon-faced one?

KWANG HSÜ.—Why, Bless my heart and body! if here isn't Fieldmarshalgeneral Count von Wald

EMP. DOW.—Good gracious! child. Come and put on your trousers and get ready to start at once



EMPEROR DOWAGER.

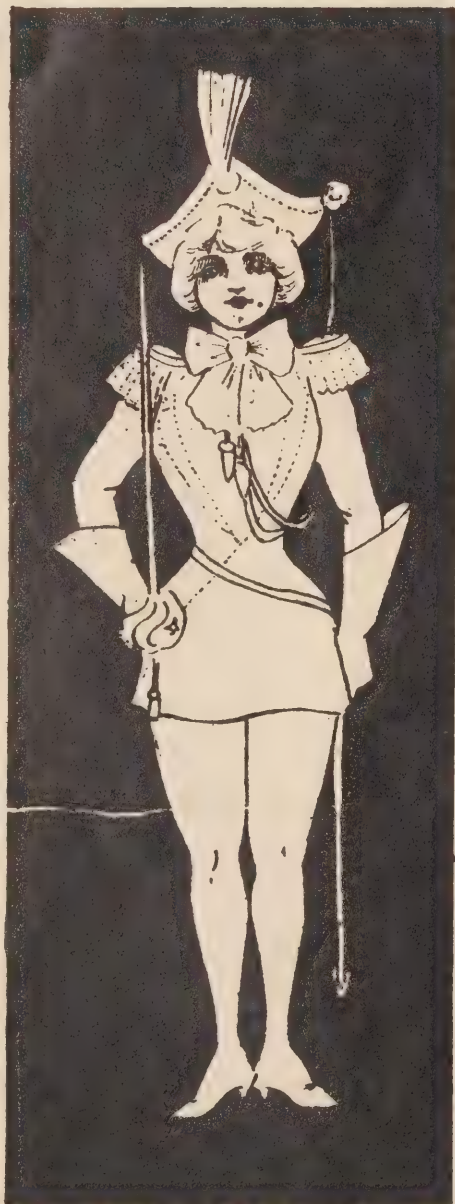
EMPEROR DOWAGER, KWANG HSÜ, and Suite.

and all his beautiful German soldiers coming to pay us a visit.

Gentlemen, we this day remove our court to Ping Pong-foo.

FROM THE RATTLEMAN.

LONDON,
1st April 1901.



Although everyone, more or less, condemns Tanqueray's plays, they still go to them in great numbers; I myself spent a gloomy evening last week at "Mr. & Mrs. Davenport."

The principal situation is brought about by the utter want of tactics in the man who, wishing to have a confidential chat with a lady, leads her into an ambush consisting of a screen and his wife. After all the lessons of the war, he failed

to throw out scouts. His retreat is cut off by a husband belonging to his lady friend. This play gains considerably by the absence of the stock parson, glum as Sam Hall's friend, who usually turns up when the lady is in trib. He will recall to her the days of their youthful attachment, promising to marry her, shop-soiled as she stands, if her husband has heart disease and dies before the last act. This the husband does, for he is not wholly bad. At the fall of the curtain you may see the stricken crowd creep away, glad only in

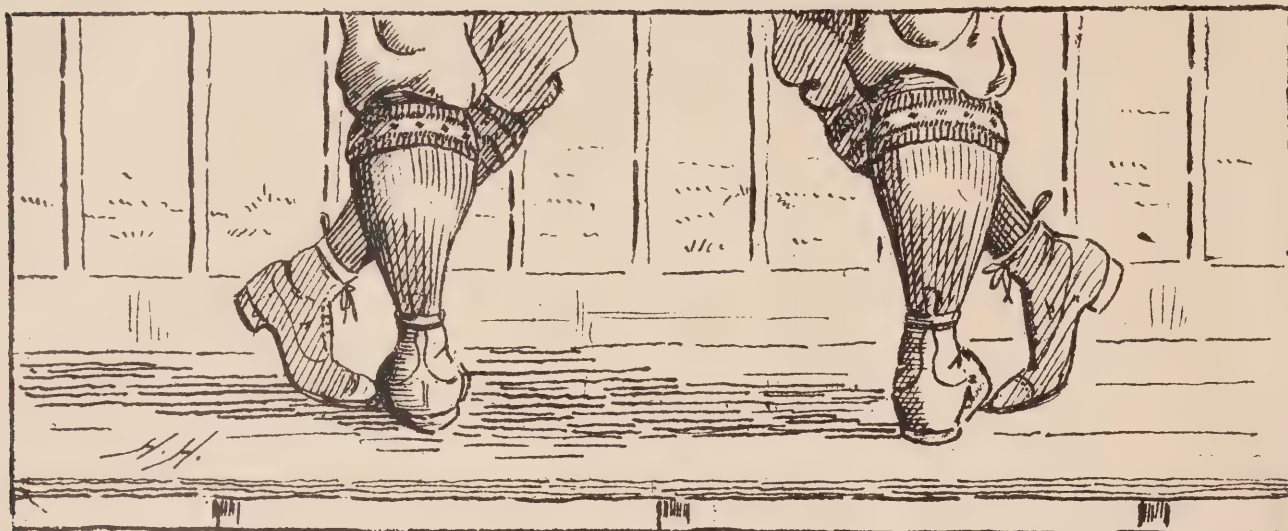
remembering that it is but a play after all, and that they don't do these things at home. The bass tuba of the scandalized mamma is heard being "thankful that dear Gwen had a cold." But, gracious dame, let me enlighten you: "Dear Gwen will go to a Matinée on her own. I assure you the pit absolutely crawls with her at those times, and why not? Poor fluffy little soul, she only goes, as you and I do, to disapprove. "Mrs. Dane's Defence" is the most fascinating piece of finished lying,—and who wouldn't, to get away from Charles Wyndham, Q.C., and his Sherlock Holmly methods? The beautiful and accomplished Ellaline Terriss is delighting millions nightly as Alice in Wonderland, but it would add to my delight if there was less of "Liberty" and more of legs and pinafore. For those contrapuntally inclined we have "Patience" revived. She is sweeter than ever, and I wish I knew her at home. The Panto, in the Lane has a very good class of boy in Miss Madge Lessing, and I look forward to writing ten columns for the "RATTLE" (Wastepaper Department) next month. Lovers of Transatlantic Extravaganza tell me "The Casino Girl" is a peach of the first water; she looks all-right in the photo. shops anyway. Hi! Hansom!! Empire!!! Just missed the Calculating Dogs,—no use for them. The ballet's the thing here and "The Sea Side" is pretty—nice bathing suits, with none of your black stockings—beautiful great strong Italian peasants, four to the lb., and the ubiquitous Frank Lawton in a coon's mug and the same old whistle. The Phantom Guards in white uniforms, with the stage all dressed in black—scrumptious! (sample herewith)—sixteen of her—no, thirty-two—I'm not sure—anyway they appear and disappear, wheel and evolute like one girl, and they have divided my heart into sixteen—or thirty-two. There are no singing turns in this show—Let's clear!—Where shall we go?—Where's Marie Lloyd?—That's the point. Off we go. There she is in the Viking Song. Bless her. On the priceless Chippendale escritoire in my study is her picture, set in brilliants—no signature on it—to have asked her to write her name would make her cross—sorry. What's next? "Nine English Rosebuds" and then the pathetic coster who prefers his own little missus to the gritest lidy in the land. Well, well!! There's a gentleman singing the chorus against the back of my neck; truly coster pathos has a fearful effect on the suburban audience. Oh, yes, we are out Hoxton way—you'll get home all right, only don't try the whiskey here—Bass much safer. I know the manager, that florid little bounder, all solitaire and painted boots. Here he comes. What does he want?—Stalls for his rotten Benefit!—Not much—wouldn't look at my Comedietta—see him———first. Down go the lights—I'm off—Look out for the lady's stout—you've knocked it into her lap—Extremely sorry—Yes, I know we don't know how to behave—Very clumsy of him—Waiter! a glass of port for the lady—So silly of them to make it so dark—Oh dear no—No offence I'm sure—Hope it hasn't ruined that lovely skirt—Good evening. Oh, lord! come away, far, far away, and have some oysters and champagne and a game of skittles—The "RATTLE" pays.



THE SANDOW—MARSH TREATMENT.

FIRST OLD RESIDENT.—And can you honestly say that you have reduced your bulk since you began these exercises?

SECOND O. R.—Rather! Why, my dear boy, this is the first time I've worn this suit for eighteen years.



MR. * * * *

CLARANCE.—Doesn't it strike you, Willie, what frightfully thin legs these Walers have?

THE SHANGHAI MR. DOOLEY ON GAS METERS.

“A N’ whats th’ machine ye have there in the corner?” asked Mr. Hennessy.

“That’s a ga-ass-mater, Hinnessy,” said Mr. Dooley.

“Sure an’ whats that at all?” asked Mr. Hennessy.

“A ga-ass-mater,” said Mr. Dooley, with the air of a Chief Justice dealing with a non-registration summons, “a ga-ass-mater is an insthroomint invinted be’ the Ga-ass Comp’ny, assisted be th’ divvle hisself, to missure th’ amount iv yer monthly ga-ass bills—an’ it does *that*, Hinnessy, it does it whither ye bur-rn yer twinty candle-power lights or shmoke in th’ dar-rk f’r chapeeness. If th’ inspecthorr finds yer fr’m home afther the spring snoipes maybe, or gone to Hongkong to see the sodjers race fair, thin yer mater goes slow f’r a bit; but if ye lave on the quiet, unbeknownst to th’ Comp’ny, be Gob yer mater kapes on full bore an’ ye come back to find yer woife an’ childer’ in th’ workuss an’ yer bits iv sticks sould up t’ pay the ga-ass bill.

“T’is a wunnerful insthroomint intoirely, Hinnessy. Larst year th’ Comp’ny advertises a gr-reat raydooct-shin in th’ price iv ga-as, twice’t they done it, but the mater was up to th’ job an’ jist put in a little over-time iv a Sunday an’ there was yer bill at th’ months ind as big as ivver.

“T’is no manner iv use complainin’ to th’ sier’ty. We’ve sim’lar complaints fr’m all oor constitoo’int, he says, ye must have been bur-rning a hill iv a lot of ga-as says he, an’ intertainin’ all yer frinds he says, is it a wake ye’ve been havin’ he says, the mater can do no wrong he says, an’ laves it at that.

“Thin he indoooces ye to buy these here twinty hor-rse power incandissent bur-rners, they bur-rn no

ga-as at all at all he says, an’ they bate the ’lectric light holler says he, an’ so ye have yer house fitted with thim at gr-reat ixpince thinking to yer-silf ye’ll save it in the ga-ass bill. Murdther but the mater isn’t bate yit; th’ inspecthorr jists iles her up a bit an’ lets her go, an’ be Gob she does her moile in two-foor an’ yer bills are the same as ivver.

“Did ye ivver hear the story iv me frind the Kornel an’ the wather-mater? Well, t’was somewheres in the Injies an’ the Kornel had command iv a lot iv black divvles, an’ he found his wather-mater doing double time an’ his wather bills pouring in fit to bate Niagr’a Falls. This here’s got to be looked into he says, t’is against th’ ar-rticles iv war-r he says, I’ll have to spake to me brither Kornel the Imp’ror Bill says he, an’ he shuts off the wather from th’ house an’ puts a six fut foor sintry wit’ a baggonit a yarrd long to sit on the mater. Round comes th’ inspecthorr full bat wiv a gr-reat bag iv tools. Divvle a wan touches that mater f’r twinty-foor hours says the Kornel, an’ he gives or-rders to th’ sintry to jab th’ inspecthorr in th’ tum tum if he comes agin.

“Thin the sier’ty iv the Comp’ny weighs in wiv an or-rder fr’m th’ Mare to lit him ixamin the mater an’ the sintry jobs him gintly in small iv the back wiv his baggonit; an’ all the toime the wheels iv that mater was jist whir-ring round like a win’mill in a typhoon.

“Afther foor an’ twinty hours the Kornel invites the sier’ty iv the Comp’ny, an’ the Mare, an’ the Vicer’y iv Injy, and the Commander-in-Chafe to open up the insthroomint, an’ be Gob, Hinnessy, they done so, an’ it had rigister-red jist sivin thousand foive hundrid an’ twinty sivin cubic fate iv wather.

“An’ the moral iv the tale is, Hinnessy, that me frind the Kornel had to pay jist the same.

“Wather Comp’nys is much the same as Ga-ass Comp’nys an’ there’s a dale iv human natur’ in the both iv them.”

LOTTERIES.

AN EXPLANATION.

The Consul for Turkey one morn arose,
He'd been to a drawing at Chang Su-ho's,
He'd paid for his tickets, he'd stayed there late,
But they didn't so much as approximate.
He sipped his coffee and scratched his head,
They're better not mentioned the things he said.

He tackled his colleagues throughout the day—
Sent telephone messages round to say
"Where in the world are our morals gone?
"This Lottery pidjin must not go on."
And vowing to veto, to squash, upset,
The Consular Body in conclave met.

Picture in fancy that Consular drum,
A highly rococo symposium—
There can't have been room for the whole fourteen,
But a militant quorum there must have been:
The Spanish grandee and his Yankee pal,
And aloft the standard of Portugal.

The Chair was taken at half-past three,
And taken in earnest—no fiddle-de-dee—
For the Consuls felt as they took their seats
Persistent failure cock-fighting beats,
And each one swore as he said his say
That lotteries all should be swept away.

One had a story of going to dine,
His rickshaw number was two-five-nine,
Removing his coat on retiring to slumber
He found in his pocket th' identical number.
The list came out and—he vowed 'twas true—
The winning ticket was nine-five-two.

The Chairman faltered, he suddenly thought,
"This pious opinion is dearly bought;"
He mused on his nationals, wondering how
They'd balance the budget in lone Macao:
But his final reflection was this, "Maskee,
It's a long way off and they'll not blame me."

They plausibly pleaded with reasons sound
Till the scruples of waverers fell to the ground.
A timid unfortunate counselled delay,
He mentioned that Rome wasn't built in a day;
But at length this position they made him abandon
By pulling his leg till he'd no leg to stand on.

'Twas done,—The whims of the malcontent
Have queered the finance of the Settlement;
And arguments worthy of Exeter Hall,
Which shouldn't have had any hearing at all,
With motives apparently sprung from the gutter,
Have banished for ever all chance of a flutter.

The official halo around Kiang Nan
Is chaff in the wind of the Consular ban:
The foreign promoters who run Kwong Yik
By current report are "a litty sick":
And the gilded hall of the brave Poo Yuh
Is the laughing-stock of the whole Maloo.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

We have recently received from the publishers for review copies of the following:—

Personally Conducted Tours in the Far East: To Chunking and Back in 3 days by Pushful Archy.

How I became an Officer of the Court, or Hints to Young Advocates.

The Murderer's notice to quit, or The Life and Experiences of a Consular Pony.

The Unresponsive Cartridge or Fifty to one on the bird.
By Foolee.

Half-Hours with the Native Laundrymen or What shall we do with our sewage.

The Lives of the Extortioners. No. 1: The Shanghitic Laouda.

Love at First Sight, a tale of The new Volunteer Hat.
By C. Owe.

The Mighty Atom, or British Diplomacy in the Far East.

Lest We Forget, A Tour round the kitchen.

The Insect-hunter's Companion or The Entomologist at the Supreme Court.

Half-hours in the mud, or Camp life in the Far East.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the EDITORS OF "THE RATTLE."

DEAR SIRs,

I sent my boy round to Mr. Van Kopje the other day and he came back without an orange. Have I any remedy in the Court of Consuls?

Yours, etc.,

GRUMBLER.

BRAWLS IN HONGKEW.

YANGTSZEPPOO,

5th May 1901.

To the EDITOR OF "THE RATTLE."

SIR,

I was a witness yesterday to another of those disgraceful street rows with which we have recently become all too familiar. This time it was between a pack mule and an electric light post; and I venture to record through the medium of your widely read paper that in this case the post was entirely responsible for the collision and subsequent fracas. My wife, who was with me at the time, heard the mule cry "Fore" several times, and remarked to me how stupendously foolish it was of the post not to budge.

It is just obstinacy of this description which will if not speedily checked put an end to the good order which up to now has obtained in the Yangtze provinces.

In the hope that the Provost Marshal will make this matter the subject of the fullest enquiry

I am etc

THE MAN IN THE STREET.



"JOCK."

A Pri-mer of O-ri-en-tal An-thro-pol-o-gy.



No. III.—The A-gent.

<i>Be-hold a Slee-py Slav, whose rank</i>	<i>Or near, or far, or a-ny-where ;</i>
<i>Is A-gent of a Cer-tain Bank,</i>	<i>But if con-ces-si-ons were your trade</i>
<i>For what he does not do, they pay</i>	<i>You'd see the fin-ger marks he made,</i>
<i>One hun-dred rou-bles ev-er-y day,</i>	<i>And won-der how those nim-ble thumbs</i>
<i>Be-cause, for mere com-mer-ci-al stuff</i>	<i>From all your pud-dings scoop'd the plums.)</i>
<i>Cheap Brit-ish clerks are quite e-nough.</i>	<i>He looks so ve-ry bland and blank</i>
<i>The A-gent's fin-ger you may seek</i>	<i>This A-gent of a Cer-tain Bank ;</i>
<i>In pies of the "Haut Pol-i-tique"</i>	<i>From him to learn you sure-ly ought :</i>
<i>(I do not say you'll find it there,</i>	<i>"The tongue should al-ways hide the thought."</i>

"BECAUSE OF HIS IMPORTUNITY."

You must have heard of me before
As one who very much prefers
To speak of things which rather bore
Than interest the Ratepayers.

You know, of course, what useful trait
I chiefly pride myself upon—
My tendency to put away
The vulgar use of "pro" and "con."

I think it is a foolish thing
That men of any sense at all
Should be intent on balancing
The merely hypothetical.

But glancing round the Council board
I seem to see in ev'ry face
Something which may perhaps afford
An explanation of the case.

Nine fathers of our city-state !
Sad, that among them there is not
One soul that can appreciate
The beauty of a garden-plot !

Poor flowers ! and shall your fate depend
Upon the dull commercial creed
Which bids us have before we spend,
And quite forgets the present need,

When twenty paltry thousand taels
Will buy a hut of brick and glass—
A shelter from the winter gales
Which few (if any) can surpass ?

Already in the crowded room
I hear a murmur like applause :
Am I entitled to assume
That you are converts to the cause ?

"Go home?" "Shut up?" For shame ! For shame !
Your ignorance of what is fit
Almost compels me to declaim
From now until the lamps are lit.

I was in fact about to read—
Ah ! That's a very different note !
But are you really quite agreed ?
You are ? I've finished. Take the vote !

[Voted : Tls. 20,000 Shanghai silver sycee with no corresponding addition to the income tax.]

We have received from The Ostasiatische Halsband-vertragverbindungshandelsgesellschaft (the Agents in China) a neat little pen-wiper in the form of a pepper-caster, bearing at the top the name in gold type of the Patent Anticorrosive Flea Powder Co., Ltd., and a representation of *Pulex irritans saltant* on a blanket *or*. While regretting that, diverging from the custom of the Shanghai Morning Papers, we are, owing to lack of space, unable to insert this note in a more prominent position in these columns, we wish here to congratulate the proprietors on turning out a tasty little form of advertisement, which we can with confidence refer for trial to our brethren of the "Press."

N. B.

The Editors of the "RATTLE" invite contributions of light articles, verse, and sketches. [Humorous rather than sentimental verse preferred, and short articles rather than long.] Sketches should be in pen and ink, to facilitate reproduction, and in clear outline rather than detail work. MSS. and drawings which the Editors are unable to publish will be returned to the sender. The Editors will not be liable, however, for loss or damage.

Anonymous contributions politely ignored.



OUR NOBLE SELVES!

A. R. BURKILL & SONS,

SOLE AGENTS FOR

MESSRS. RAYDEN & REID,

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CHOICEST WINES ONLY KEPT IN STOCK.

SHANGHAI GAS CO., LTD.

SHOWROOM: 24, NANKING ROAD.

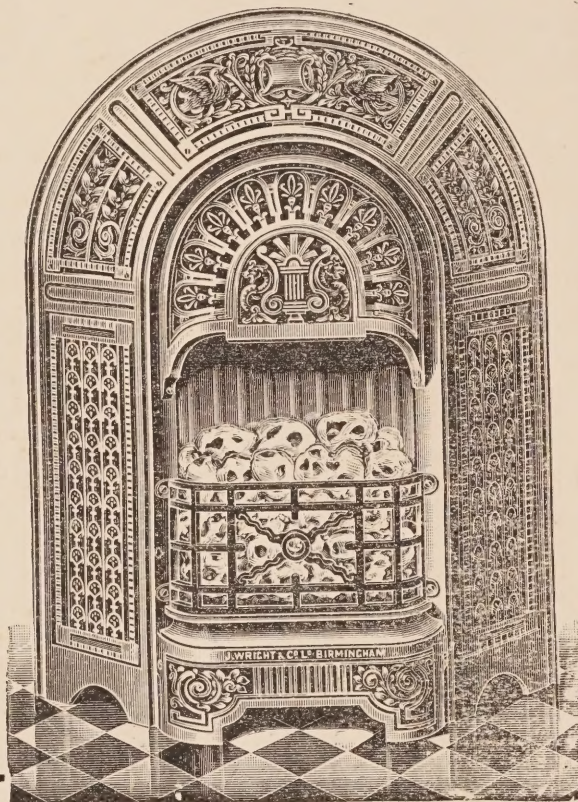
"RELIABLE"

**HEATING
STOVES**

—
ALWAYS READY

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NO SMELL

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ECONOMICAL



"RELIABLE"

**COOKING
STOVES**

FOR

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Sole Agents for CROSSLEY BROS. GAS & OIL ENGINES.

Special High Speed Engines for Electric Lighting.

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**The INCANDESCENT GAS LIGHT**

**is the LIGHT OF THE PERIOD.**

**BRILLIANT and ARTISTIC.**

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*SUMMER SEASON 1901.*

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NEWEST STYLES IN MILLINERY, TRIMMED and UNTRIMMED,

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SUMMER WEIGHT-GAUZE HOSIERY and UNDERCLOTHING,

BLOUSES, TIES, SCARVES, HANDKERCHIEFS, etc. etc.

HOUSEHOLD DRAPERY.

SUMMER BLANKETS, ART MUSLINS, CURTAINS and CURTAIN NETS,

MOSQUITO NETS, TABLE DAMASK, etc. etc.

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### CHAMPAGNE MONOPOLE.

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RED SEAL (MEDIUM DRY),

Magnums, Quarts, Pints

GOLD FOIL (EXTRA DRY),

Magnums, Quarts, Pints

## S. MOUTRIE & CO., LTD.

Have just received the following shipments

**NEW MODEL  
OVERSTRUNG PIANOS**

BY

JOHN BROADWOOD & SONS,  
LONDON.

**OVERSTRUNG  
UPRIGHT GRANDS**

BY

M. F. RACHALS & CO.,  
HAMBURG.

GRAND AND COTTAGE PIANOS BY PLEYEL, PARIS.

## S. MOUTRIE & CO., LIMITED,

3, NANKING ROAD.



# THE LAST CHUKKA

being now over and both rider and pony thoroughly baked, our ever faithful domestic comes to the rescue with a bottle of cold Aquarius, the most refreshing drink in the world and the best, being made from pure distilled water.

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